

The Sydney Morning Herald.

No. 9356--VOL LVL

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 1868.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

ERTH,
On the 14th instant, at Haworth, Gisborne Point, Mrs. BERNARD
of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 15th instant, at St. George's Church, William Carrington, son of Captain John Carrington, of Aberdeen, Scotland, to Jeanne Wallace, eldest daughter of Captain R. T. Morris, of Sydney.

DEATHS.

On the 9th instant, Anne, the infant daughter of J. W. Womery, aged 5 months.
On the 10th instant, his father's residence, Lord Nelson Hospital, Gisborne Point, George Street, Sydney, son of William and Elizabeth Wells, aged 3 years and 6 months.
FROM PARRAMATTA, 6.30, 8.50, 11 a.m., 1, 3, 5 p.m., CYLDE RIVER--Kembla, TUESDAY, at noon.
BATHURST--Kembla, TUESDAY, at noon.
MERIMBA--Hawthorn, WEDNESDAY, at noon.

SHIP ADVERTISEMENTS.

ILLAWARRA S. N. COMPANY'S STEAMERS.
WOLLONGONG--Ulladong, TO-NIGHT, at 11.

KIAMA--Ulladong, TO-NIGHT, at 11.

SGHALHAVEN--Ulladong, TO-NIGHT, at 11.

ULLADULLA--Kembla, TUESDAY, at noon.

CLYDE RIVER--Kembla, TUESDAY, at noon.

BATHURST--Kembla, TUESDAY, at noon.

MERIMBA--Hawthorn, WEDNESDAY, at noon.

STEAM TO HOKITIKA AND GREY direct.
REDUCED FARES.
THE LINDEN, New Zealand, and Australian Royal Mail
Steamship.

G. M. O. N. T.

A. W. JACK, commander,
will be dispatched for HOKITIKA and GREY,
on about May 20th.
For freight or passage apply at the Company's Office,
Orton Wharf.

H. B. BENSON, General Manager.

THE AUSTRALASIAN STEAM NAVIGATION
COMPANY'S STEAMERS.
TO MELBOURNE--City and Suburbs, to-morrow
afternoon, Saturday, at 3, and Alexandra, Monday
afternoon, at 4.30. Fare--Saloon, £3;
steerage, 9d; cabin, £3; £10.

TO ADELAIDE, via Melbourne, en route to King
George's Sound--Alexandra, Monday, afternoon, at
4.30.

TO HUNTER RIVER--Coomerabun, to-night, Friday,
at 11; and Williams, Monday night, at 11.

TO TENTERFIELD--Williams, Monday night,
at 11.

TO PATTERSON RIVER--Goods received on Saturday,
and forwarded per Williams on Monday night.

TO BRISBANE--Florence Irving, to-morrow, Saturday,
at noon (or immediately after arrival of English
Mail).

TO MARYBOROUGH--Balchutha, Wednesday after-
noon, at 5.

TO ROCKHAMPTON--Saxonia, Monday afternoon,
at 5.

TO CLEVELAND BAY, via Port Denison--Eagle,
about Thursday, 21st instant.

FROM BRISBANE TO ROCKHAMPTON, calling at
Maryborough and Gladstone, Leichhardt, Tuesday,
18th, 10 a.m.

Cargo is now being received for transmission to any of
the above ports.

No cargo received for the steamers going to Melbourne or
Queensland after 3 p.m. on the day of sailing.

No cargo received available for one week, issued
to the Hunter River, at the following rates:--Newcastle
to Sydney and back--saloon, 25s; steerage, 15s; Morpeth,
Raymond Terrace, and Clarence Town to Sydney and
back--saloon, 3s; steerage, 18s. Same rates from
Sydney.

FREDK. H. TROUTON, Manager.

A. S. N. Co.'s Wharf, Sussex-street.

HUNTER RIVER NEW STEAM NAVIGATION
COMPANY'S STEAMSHIPS, from 20th April
to May 16th inclusive.

FROM SYDNEY TO NEWCASTLE, RAYMOND
TERRACE, and MORPETH--CITY, MONDAYS and THURS-
DAYS, at 11 a.m.

MORPETH, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at
11 a.m.

FOR CLARENCE TOWN,
MORPETH, WEDNESDAY, at 11 p.m.

Goods received for
NEWCASTLE, RAYMOND TERRACE, and MORPETH,
WEDNESDAY, at 6 a.m.

CITY OF NEWCASTLE, WEDNESDAYS and
SATURDAYS, 6.30 a.m.

NOTICE--Return tickets available for one week issued
at a fair and a half.

F. J. THOMAS, Manager.

C. AND E. S. N. Co.'s Steamship, HELEN
MUGREGOR, for GRAFTON, TO-MORROW,
at 11 a.m.

C. WISEMAN, Manager.

C. AND E. S. N. Co.--For MACLEAY RIVER,
NEWCASTLE and PORT MACQUARIE,
the 11th, at 10 o'clock.

W. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

SHIP RIMAC, from Liverpool--Consignees are
requested to apply to FREDK. H. TROUTON, Wharf,
and are hereby notified that any cargo not paid for
will be landed and loaded at the risk and
charge will be incurred by the consignee.

THOMAS HAYES, Captain, Brigade Adjutant.

N. O. 1 COMPANY S.V.B.R.--C. O. Posts, TO-
MORROW, 16th instant. C. O. Posts, without
covers. Assemble at 2.45 p.m. Every member is requested
to attend. JOHN WELLS, Lieutenant Commanding.

N. O. 2 COMPANY V. R. R.--Commanding Officer's
Parade To-morrow, 2.45. H. W. Strong, hon. sec.

N. O. 3 CO. S. V. R. PARADE, 2.30 SATUR-
DAY, 16th. No caps.

SOUTH SYDNEY V. R. R.--Commanding Officer's
PARADE, SATURDAY, All members to attend.

JOHN NEWSHAM, Lieut. Commanding.

JOHN T. JACQ. H. PARADE, 2.30, Saturday.

and handsome banks, a people's park, and a costly system of water supply. With a borough population of 65,875 in 1861, Merthyr Tydfil had only 1,387 electors in 1866, but there were 6,447 male occupiers of houses rated under £10. Salford had 102,449 inhabitants in 1861, having doubled its population in ten years. The number of electors was 5,395; the male occupiers of houses rated under £10 was 9,861.

The new boroughs are ten in number. Each is to return one member, except Chelsea, which is to return two.

The University of London is also to return one member. The borough of Chelsea will comprise the parishes of Chelsea (63,439 inhabitants), Fulham (15,539), Hammersmith (24,519), and Kensington (70,108), an all 173,605 inhabitants and 24,444 houses.

Durham will have three new boroughs—Darlington, a thriving town of 16,901 inhabitants, doing a large business in the manufacture of locomotives and machinery, and having also cotton and worsted mills, tanneries, and glass-works; the Hartlepools busy ports of 27,475 inhabitants, with new docks, a large trade in coal, the exports reaching nearly £3 millions, and extensive shipbuilding and ironworks; and Stockton, with 16,483 inhabitants, and a large trade in coal, iron, and shipbuilding.

Lancashire has Barnsley (37,984 inhabitants), famed for collieries, quarries, cotton and woollen mills, ironworks, and the making of machinery.

Stalybridge (56,931 inhabitants) belongs to Lancashire and Cheshire, and may be considered as a part of Ashton-under-Lyne.

The heavy, expensive great dinners of those days made it impossible for people of small means to give them. They were reduced to tea, and suppers. Dinners were not then eaten out of doors, and eating required extensive drinking. We are well out of those days. People in towns met at 3 o'clock, and dined. Three courses—top, bottom, corners, and sides.

It takes away one's appetite to think of it. Then, what could be done to kill time till night?

They drank—eaten adjourned to a tavern to drink—and were, as to the time of day, the most wretched-looking creatures.

It is the only respectable way of serving oranges at a collation.

You must also be introduced in this paper to croquet eggs, which are not eggs at all, but are very popular among croquet players.

You have ready any good *blancmange*, or a lemon cream; you have some oval party-pans. Into each of these party-pans you put a round ball, like a small croquet ball of wood, which has been bored, and has the dried egg white packed round it, so that it stands upright, as in less than a minute, when we see at a glance that time is changed indeed.

Who has time to dine at 3 o'clock now? He may lunch at 2 o'clock; but to be ready for dinner means that the day's work is done, and that the weary man wants his body nourished; and his mind refreshed; so not only has the hour of dinner changed, but the dinner itself has changed, such changes as the hard-work-hard-head work of the servants now require.

Mind and body require more enjoyment in their food than was needed formerly.

The difference between the many courses and the strong wines pushed round on the bare mahogany table tell our story.

Life is carried on at high-pressure speed—we are all going by *la grande vitesse*, on Time's great railway.

When the evening comes we shut out the day's anxiety and trouble, we look for our entertainment.

Young little dandies, young ladies, in a pleasant easy chaise—“London Society,” if you like, refresh us both mentally and bodily; these things, with the welcome sight of our trimly-dressed little housekeepers—such as all our womenkind ought to be—produce the contentment that leads to thankful rest, and a readiness for work on the coming day.

We shall not reproduce here any of the information offered to our readers in a former paper; but we must record that a dinner is a thing to be “regarded out of our memory,” not out of our hearts.

Our lady housekeeper must know that cooking is kitchen chemistry; and she must be herself sufficiently mistress of the science to correct and encourage the cook. It is absolutely necessary that the mistress and the maid should be on good terms.

Their interest in the matter of dinners must be felt.

So there has always been a good cook, and never disregard her. These cooks have quick feelings; this assertion is made seriously.

A good illustration was afforded some years since, at Oxford, in the person of the cook of Oriel College.

He had been a soldier in his youth. The story is that, on some occasion, a dish was found fault with at the high table, and with a message of disapproval, sent back to the kitchen by the cook by sight, he returned with genuine emotion.

The question of food—chiefly represented by our dinners—is easy enough to meet when the question is thoroughly understood; as easy as a riddle when the answer has been told, or found out; but food, as a master of infinite variety, must always rank high among the questions that belong to social life.

We are not going to say with a well-beloved poet, “speaking merrily—

Alas! for that forgotten day,

When all the world was young;

When all the world was gay,

And beef and beauty nourished,

but we are going to say that, considering how long we have required not merely food, but good dinners, it is a very strange thing that how to order a dinner should be still so much of a mystery.

There are terms upon which beef and beauty may meet to the benefit both of our dinners and our fair divinities. The Angel in the house, for instance, might provide our kitchen and larder, and not be in any way unfited in consequence for presiding at the head of her table.

No debate is necessary to prove this. It is acknowledged to be true. We see the truth confessed before our eyes in fact and figures equally stubborn.

“Lady Harriet St. Clair's dainty dishes. Now ready, 3rd, or 4th, or 5th edition.” What does that mean?

It is evidence of a truth confessed that met good dinners, and that women are to supply them.

And that this view of “woman's mission” is met in a practical manner is plain enough; for the “Marquis of Worcester's Century of Inventions” may, and does lie on forgotten shelves, but a hundred ways of making soup, and a hundred ways of dredging potatoes are sold in all railway stations by trade.

This is very encouraging, and pretty much as things ought to be; but still we are met by a fact that a cook-book is not a dinner.

With all the will to give a dinner—with a moderate notion of the effect of fire upon food, and pleasant friends sufficiently hungry, there still remains in the mind of many a wife a dread of a dinner: a dread of one of the pleasant recreations that belong to civilised life. It is quite a pity for individuality, and we volunteer to the rescue according.

Let us begin *s'ez*. And this expression as one is peculiarly appropriate; for though most ladies, we believe, suppose these words to signify “from the beginning,” because with the egg may be dated the commencement of life, yet Horace had not such thought when he used them. He was thinking of a dinner.

It was the way of the Romans to have music at their banquets, and he says (First book of Satires, Satire iii.): “There is this vice in all singers”—the passage is descriptive of the experience of our own day that these shall be no apology for quoting, nor for translating it—that even among their friends they can never bring their minds to sing if they are asked i.

That Sardinian Tigrilus had this vice, Cato, who might have compelled him, if he asked him for the sake of the friendship of his father, or his own would have obtained nothing—but if it would have pleased him he would have recited to Bacchus from the egg down to the apples.”

So the expression *ab ore* has come down to us, signifying the beginning of dinner, as the apples are said to be the beginning of the meal, does, we may say, now under the word *dinner*. So, beginning historically, not quite *ab ore*, but a few years back, for Horace died shortly before the Christians era, we have dinners that were entertainments, and we reconnoitred cookery.

Macrobius, who died in 415, tells us a good deal about Roman dinners, and they had surprising quantities of fish in them.

They began with something which we call, according to the poverty of the language at our command, to dilute, or to dilute the appetites; and a dish not known to our own eyes.

Then came fish—fowl again—wine's flesh which, in some shape, seems to have been very popular then shall-fish—oysters—birds, fruit, and bread from the country.

Considering the years that have run their course since those details like ourselves we may be surprised to find how very like our dinner those repeat of the fourth and fifth century were.

We have had our exciting morsels, our fish, our oyster parties, our poultry, joint, lobster salad, scalloped oysters, game, fruit, and biscuits. A dinner has been entertainment through all civilised times, to all civilised people, and why should ever be any difficulty about it may fairly be made food for thought.

Dinners in great houses used to be, even near to our own times, more magnificent things than they are now. There was a glory and a grandeur about them that belonged to the statelynes of the old times; but I don't say that the cooking was better.

When the present writer was a little child there was a house in the north of England—not a noble-

—Macworth Facci.

man's—where the cook, in a white apron and a white paper cap, which was considered the full dress of his order for that occasion, came in with the bottom dish of the second course, and stood by the side of the master of the house till it was tasted. Of course it was a supreme effort, and a perfect “Sir,” the venerable master would say, “we congratulate you and ourselves on this effort of art. It is excellent. You will do us the pleasure of taking wine.”

On which the hero of the paper cap bowed silently; drank with his master and the guests; and with benignant smiles retired conscious of victory.

The gaudy hero came into the dining-room when the guests appeared, dressed in a green velvet coat, and having a cap decorated with heron's feathers in his hand. He made his bow, received his compliment, and went home to his lodge with a bottle of wine.

All this was very pleasant and stately; and such facts are worth recording, because times are changed now.

Our grandmothers lived lives much like our own, perhaps, but they were in less terror about giving dinners. Why? Probably because they knew their work better than their granddaughters knew theirs.

The heavy, expensive great dinners of those days made it impossible for people of

small means to give them. They were reduced to tea, and suppers.

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CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

Before their Worship the Police Magistrate, Moses Levy, Smiths, Birrell, and Bangar.

Of sixteen prisoners brought before the Bench, two were discharged, and one was remanded.

Five persons were fined 5s. each, and one was fined 10s.

May McCavish, Sophia Collins, and Charlotte Lincoln, charged with having stolen sundry articles of wearing apparel, the property of Mrs. Graham, pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to be imprisoned three months in Newgate, to be fed on bread and water. Foods, there is no doubt a very large sum will be saved to the country in this single item of the piers alone.

So far, as we have said, the sinking has been simple enough, but contingencies may arise which would altogether change the nature of the operations, as, for instance, the presence of some primal tree-trunk deep down in the river bed, or a huge boulder which might be liable to fall out. The portability of such a vessel is to be desired, and should the winter pass over the river, it would be well to have a vessel which could be easily transported.

Henry Maxwell, 16, charged with having stolen two pairs of upper leathers, valued at 7s., the property of Edward J. Tubbett, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Nicholas McNeil was charged by Catherine, his wife, with having unlawfully deserted her, leaving her without the means of support. Defendant acknowledged the complaint, and to be his wife, but refused to admit that he had left his wife's habitation.

Complainant deposed that her husband left her ten years ago without the means of support, and she has now no means; on Monday last she asked him for some, and he refused to give her any. For the defendant, two witnesses were called, and the defendant was overruled, and Mr. Trembicki (who, by the way, is a steady industrious man and a kind father; they have frequently seen complainant drunk, but know of nothing else against her; believed that it was principally in consequence of her drinking that defendant left her) gave his evidence, and defendant was remanded to California. The Workshops (the Police Magistrate and Mr. Levy) dismissed the information, and defendant was discharged.

On the summons, there were twenty-seven cases, of which twelve were dismissed, four were postponed, eight were struck out, and in one a warrant was ordered for the apprehension of the defendant. Jane Case complained of Catherine Scott, that she had threatened to rip her open, and to expose her womb. The defendant, who was a woman of good character, acknowledged the charge, and was remanded to the police court.

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John Gurney

A COLONIAL MINISTER.
(From *Tinsley's Magazine*.)

POLITICAL life in the Australian colonies is a very vigorous plant, especially in Victoria, until recently by far the most prosperous of the settlements in the great Southern Ocean. There universal suffrage is the main spring of government, and the people find their greatest pleasure in exercising some of the many privileges in connection with this principle, so beautiful in theory, but, in the case of many communities which started with brilliant prospects, so disastrous when applied to the hard realities of life. In that country, visits of representatives to their constituencies are great occasions, as presenting opportunities for the display by the working men, the politicians, of a power denied to them in their earlier days, and whose fascination is irresistible. If the member be going to a small country town, the excitement is intense. Should he happen to have made himself popular, committees are formed as soon as notice is given of his coming, and arrangements are made to receive him with honour, to get as much oratory out of him as possible, to make him feel how completely he has been made by his supporters, and how easily he can, if they so will, be reduced to his former insignificance. If, however, he has, in thinking for himself, been led to incur the electors' displeasure, let him refrain from appearing among them until it becomes indispensable, by his temerity in again essaying to win their sweet voices. For when a representative has become obnoxious, all the machinery which is set in motion for the honour, and misery, of the people's favourite is urged to its highest capabilities for his humiliation. Such being the interest shown in the case of a private member, it may easily be imagined that the little village of Dingley Wood, situated about a hundred and fifty miles from the metropolis, on a comparatively new gold-field, was almost beside itself with delight when it became known that one of the representatives of the district, a Cabinet Minister, was to address the electors of that place, and unfold to them an entirely new policy in reference to waste lands—a question considered of the greatest moment, and which had caused the overthrow of several previous Governments. Happy Dingley Wood! So early in your history to have such an opportunity of showing your importance! A Ministry hovering on the boundary-line between popularity and destruction, coming to you for a first decision on a matter fraught with such danger to themselves! How easy for you now to avenge any slight at the hands of the Government, and any forgetfulness on the part of the approaching suitor, if your requests, your prayers for small votes for local works, or attentions to your fellow-citizens when they have been in the metropolis! Will you allow the leader of this forlorn hope to return to his camp with the laurels of victory, or is he to be humbled? Let us see.

It is evening, and the terminus of the main lines of railway is a scene of bustle and confusion. The northern mail train is about to start. Passengers are numerous, and they receive very little assistance from the officials: those individuals being too dignified to be active—for it is not a Government railway, and how could they be for one moment unmindful of the sanctity that hedges them round about? It is imprudent to put a question to one of them relative to the arrangements of the line, unless you are prepared to be annihilated with a glance, or refreshed with a view of the back of his person as it slowly retreats to a part of the platform less occupied by vulgar folk insensible of his dignity. Should he, however, be in a bending mood, and design a reply to your query, it will probably be to the effect that every information is to be found in the time-tables; although, if he knows anything at all, he is aware that such is not the case, and that he is only guiding his victim to increased confusion. But while we have been watching the eccentricities of these servants, or rather scorners of the public, the passengers have taken their seats. We risk everything, therefore, and hurling our bag into the first invitingly-comfortable compartment, follow it. Tickets are examined, and the doors locked. Time is up, but we do not start. What can be wrong? The engine is snorting and blowing off clouds of steam, with its driver and stoker only awaiting the signal to commence the journey. It cannot be in any way incapacitated therefore. The mail-bags we saw safely stowed away some time ago, and there are no passengers on or, as far as we can see, approaching the platform, even if the officials ever attempted to oblige tardy travellers, which they do not. What then can it be? Porters and guards are parading about, but we are too wary to accost them, and sit as patiently as possible for nearly ten minutes, when forth from the refreshment-room issues a group of three or four gentlemen in a decidedly merry mood. Now what a change comes over the previously drowsy and self-sufficient officials! They start into life, and, surrounding the late comers, usher them with much officiousness into an unusually comfortable carriage, the doors of which had been found by the more punctual securely locked. Then the long-expected signal being given, away dashes the train, the guard and driver intent upon making up the lost time. Our companions regard each other with inquiring eyes; and, many questions having been bandied about, we are asked whether we know the persons for whom everybody was kept waiting. Proudly conscious of our superior information—for did we not at once recognise among the offenders the Honorable the Commissioner of — and his colleague in the representation of Dingley Wood? we reply, and at once some are satisfied; but others, less sensible of the honour of being in any way brought into contact with such august personages, seem disposed to cavil at the whole affair, and ever and anon, during the earlier part of the journey, low growls are heard in their vicinity, and our strong conviction is, that if the fate of the Ministry had depended upon those discontented and inappreciative men, it had been then disastrously determined.

However, all unconscious of the varied emotions at work in the breasts of its living burden, the iron horse proceeds on its way, and due course arrives, shortly before midnight, at its destination, S.—. Taking our baggage we make for the Trefoil, and having supper on homely fare suitable to ill-furnished pockets, are about to ascertain the exact measure of repose obtainable in an hotel much resorted to for nocturnal carousals by the notabilities of the town, when a somewhat large and unquestionably jovial party enters the room. Foremost comes the Commissioner, closely attended by his *fides Auctores*, the aforesaid political partner, who seems, in fact, only to hold his seat for the purpose of dancing attendance, in a manner as peculiarly beneficial to himself as possible, upon the members of the Administration of the day.

The Honorable the Commissioner has evidently been recruiting, and having enlisted some of the most genial spirits in the locality, the mayor (worthy fellow) of course being one of the most prominent—for civic dignitaries in the far-off South strive, as far as possible, to emulate the deeds of their elder brethren in the old country—he means to fittingly celebrate his success. We are seen, and straightway invited to join them at supper. Vainly protesting that we have satisfied our appetite, we are constrained to fall in, and all adjourn to a retired apartment, where the components of a good meal are quickly forthcoming. Then for several hours, there is a continual buzz of conversation, clattering of knives and forks, and popping of cork, the vintage of the champagne country being almost invariably selected for such celebrations. A few good and many indifferent things are uttered; the latter, as usual, greatly increasing their advantage over the former, as the hours roll on and the wine circulates. At last, the guests rise and leave the table, profoundly convinced, at any rate for the moment, that the Cabinet of which their entertainer is a member is the particular one called for by the country, and that he is its main support. But not to bed do these worthies yet proceed. A visit must be paid to the gorgeous bar, where the barmaids struggle against their weariness to look charming, and to answer the semi-idiotic salutes of those whose notions of enjoyment keep them abroad at such unseasonable hours. Sundry "steadiers" having been imbibed, there is a dispersion of the forces, and the railway travellers, with the judicious assistance of the waiters, seek and ultimately repose upon their beds.

But not long, their muddled condition notwithstanding, to enjoy sleep. The hotel is a coaching-house, and shortly after daybreak waiters commence rousing from their uneasy slumbers those who are bound for the far north. From that time rest is impossible. The tramping up and down stairs is incessant, portmanteaus and boxes are conveyed from top to bottom of the establishment without the slightest regard to noise, and colonial expressions more or less fervent betray the feelings of the proprietors of the said baggage. Now those remaining in bed catch the well-known "all aboard" of the American coachman, immediately succeeded by the sound of receding wheels, and turning round they again settle themselves on their pillows. The misery, however, is by no means complete, for other coaches have to be dispatched, and the same disturbing influences are experienced again and again, until almost more wearied than when they retired to their rooms, and mentally resolving never again willingly to endure such a martyrdom, but rather to be contented with a less pretentious hostelry, they issue forth, and after an "eye-opener" at the aforesaid bar, proceed to the breakfast-room. The short fast having been duly broken, the commissioner, and all interested in his movements, among which number we rank, start in various vehicles for Dingley Wood, a drive of some thirty-five miles. Travelling on Victorian roads are generally devoid of interest, except in the way of "spills," which, owing to bad roads and reckless driving, are rather frequent occurrences, public coaches being as unsafe as any other vehicles; and in this it differs from journeying in New South Wales, where bushrangers do all in their power to relieve the monotony of the scenery by practical jokes, the pleasantness of which is a matter involving considerable difference of opinion. To be ordered on a cold wintry night to descend from a warm, comfortable coach, to strip, and to stand in nature's garb while your more conventional dress is searched, cannot be considered in the highest degree pleasurable; and yet this is a fair specimen of the treatment travellers experience at the hands of these rustics, of whom the country, its rulers having shaken off their torpor, is now steadily cleared. Our drive, therefore, presents no feature of interest beyond our losing the road, and going so many miles astray that we only arrived at Dingley Wood just at the hour fixed by the Minister for the opening of the meeting. Famished, weary, and altogether indisposed for immediate attention to our duties—which readers of these lines have, doubtless, some time since, and with perfect accuracy, set down as those appertaining to reporters—we resolve on sending a message to the great man, apprising him of our misfortune in respect to the road, and our inability, as circumstances, to do him justice, and asking him to delay his appearance on the platform as long as possible. Pretty cool, no doubt; but it is Victoria, remember, where class distinctions are little regarded, and not England, that we are speaking of. Still we feel that we are availing ourselves to an extraordinary extent of the free-and-easy customs of the country, and sit somewhat anxiously awaiting the result; the more so, as we have taken care to order dinner, and are by no means desirous of being obliged to make a supper of the viands after they are spoilt. We hope for success, knowing that the Minister, who has been awaiting the result with much anxiety, looks relieved. And now for the reverse—a show is called, and again there is a confusing array. Once more the great man is troubled, and he keenly watches the countenance of the chairman who, after a pause, which to the most interested is of intolerable length, pronounces that the decision of the meeting is against the motion. So then, you have revenged yourselves. O, Dingley Woodians! But the voting party is pretty close, and the losing party, not being disposed quietly to receive this ruling, uproar prevails for a while, and order is only restored when the lesser star, the Commissioner's political partner, comes to the front. He is a very different man to his chief; he will take very good care not to offend his constituents if he can help it, for his living depends upon his seat, and so he gives utterance to no very definite opinions; but rather expatiates upon how he has endeavoured to look after their interests in the various departments, and how fully he is prepared to maintain his zeal. He believes in the Ministry, and in a half-apologetic manner, advises the electors to support them. On his sitting down, confidence in him is almost unanimously expressed, those present being gratified with his humility, following as it does upon the comparative independence of the Minister. And now ends in disorder a meeting than which few ever held in the colony have attracted so much attention or caused so much discussion.

But what of the man in whose career the foregoing is an incident? Of moderate attainments and a decidedly poor speaker, how came he to occupy so prominent a position? A member of a firm of solicitors, which furnished one of the chief accomplices in a scheme by which many hardworking people were robbed of their small savings, he found his way into Parliament just after the abolition of the qualification for members of the Lower House; and for some years was remarkable for nothing save associating with very extreme Radicals. Seldom speaking, and never in his brightest displays electrifying the House, he seemed likely to remain as

insignificant as he began. But dame Fortune is as tickle in her moods at the antipodes as elsewhere, spite the generally received notion that everything there is as nearly possible the opposite of what it is in Europe; and she at last smiled upon him, showing her favour in a very unexpected manner. The Ministry was defeated, and the extreme party aforesaid were invited to mount the box-seat. Nothing loth were they; but at the very outset a difficulty met them, for all desired the full measure of loaves and fishes falling to the share of a member of the Cabinet, and few were the men among them whose achievements in the political field singled them out as indispensible. In this dilemma a singular expedient was reported; to the mover of the resolution which had brought about the crisis, and who had previously tasted of the sweets of office, being accepted by him as the Premier; the allotment of the remaining portfolios was left to chance. By the prick of a card, in a manner known only to those concerned, as strange a collection of nonentities were ushered into seats at the Executive Committee as perhaps were ever got together in any country for such important work as legislation. Our subject was fortunate enough to secure one of the junior posts, and by allowing things to take their course (would that some of the others had done the same!), made many friends and few enemies, his ideas of good fellowship and enjoyment exactly suiting the majority of those with whom he was brought into contact. Not long, however, did this Administration last; the House, at that time of a far higher character than at present, soon awakening to the necessity of restoring the former men to power. For some two years after, our man remained in opposition, and very quietly too, no ambitions thoughts disturbing his repose, frequently taken at full length on the luxurious benches, on which a constituency, proud of having once been represented by a Minister, seemed satisfied to contemplate him. Again, however, the wheel turned round, and again, without any great effort of his own, he found himself in office. Taken, however, with his former chief, only to gratify the party with which he had been identified, he at first obtained only an unimportant position; but, on the death of his colleague, he was promoted to the head of an important department. He never has distressed himself with frequent attendance in the House, and even when present his custom has been, unless some discussion relative to matters for which he was directly responsible, was coming on to take rest in his accustomed style. Frequently no slight annoyance has been experienced by his colleagues in consequence of his propensity for sleep. Out of the House, he has been, at times according to report, rather rough in his language; and not long since a leading daily journal devoted an article to his condemnation, asserting that on a special occasion he was intoxicated, and while engaged in public business used language unbecoming a gentleman. This roused the other members of the Government, who, however conscious they may have been of the failings of their coadjutor, failed how undesirable it was that they should be so very prominently brought under the notice of the public. "The audacious and mendacious print must be punished!" "such a stain cannot rest on us"—the expressions attributed to them, and forthwith notice of action for libel was given to the proprietors. Did the journal quake, or humbly retract the offensive statements? No, it did not, but actually, so runs the talk on town, sent agents out to collect evidence of the accuracy of its assertions. For many months the matter was the subject of much gossip in all circles, but the case never came on trial, and eventually it became known that it had been settled, but no public reparation was made by the journal.

Such, then, as it goes, is a truthful picture of a Colonial Minister. But are our readers to imagine that he is a fair sample of the rulers of the far-off land in which he resides? Scarcely, for, although in some respects but one of many, he is in other points quite unique. Many very commonplace men have, by the action of the principle of manhood suffrage, been thrust into prominent situations for the duties of which they were in no way adapted, but nearly all have exerted themselves to the best of their ability, and in all honesty, to administer the affairs of their adopted country. Still, what has occurred may again occur, and the instance we have given must surely be accepted by all intelligent people as a forcible argument against a theory which, however unobjectionable as a theory, can only be successful in practice when the millennium shall have been welcomed on earth.

THE EVILS OF THE RACE COURSE.
(From *Tinsley's Magazine*.)
PIUNING.

THAT the year ended disastrously for the backers of horses, both private intercourse and public announcement testify; and although the latter is somewhat unscrupulous in its sources of information, and wonderfully indiscriminating in the use it makes of it, its startling revelations have never met with a contradiction. We have no desire to usurp the functions of a guide to the Turf, or to recur to the thrice-told tale of the favourites' defeat upon certain ruinous occasions. We shall be satisfied if we can fix attention upon the fact that the present system of gambling is unworthy of members of an association for the advancement of a generous sport, and having for its object a great national advantage. To talk of the Turf coming to an end in the present aspect of affairs, in the increase in the number of entries, and the undoubted excellence of the highest class of horses, is absurd; but that it will be bodily handed over to the professional gamblers—who must then begin to live upon one another, the gentlemen having nothing more to lose—seems an inevitable result. There are now two parties on the Turf—the layers and the backers; nor does it require a conjurer to tell which of the two must eventually give way, if "plunging" continues to be the fashion. Neither the one nor the other have the slightest regard for the improvement of the breed of horses for general purposes, though interest and competition will always prevent any material deterioration in the racehorse.

We have not been indebted to the Turf for extraordinary salutes of wit, or for those apposite "mots" which emanate more or less from associations of every kind, and of which facility the Stock Exchange is a remarkable instance. We hear, it is true, of a "pony," or a "monkey," but with no more idea of their "unde derivata" than if an "elephant" stood for a thousand pounds. On one occasion only can we congratulate the framers of Turf-lore, and that is, upon the use of the expression "plunger." It exactly describes the unhesitating embarkation upon a speculation in which he may utterly sink, struggle, half-drown, go down and come up again, or by good luck land, a successful diver, considerably refreshed by his amusement. The frames of that expression have been somewhat flattering to the victims of misplaced confidence, for on consult-

ing the original metaphor, the chances of safety or profit are far greater than its antitype. Now, plunger are of various kinds; and, unfortunately, the ruin that is spread by this indiscriminate hardihood is confined to no class or rank of society. If we begin at the lowest round of the ladder, there are hundreds, almost thousands, of shacking vagabonds, whose first and last plunge was made with the pifflings of the till; street arabs, convicts, the sweepings of gaols, to whom the capability of measuring their depth has been denied. Not a town on the continent exists, accessible to diminished means, that will not afford instances of men whose fatal plunge has just enabled them to carry their heads above water to the opposite shore, to die of inanition; not a workhouse in the country that has not its worn-out gambler; and scarcely a county that does not point to the transfer of noble properties—the last straw to save a plunger from his fate. These, however, seem to be the ordinary types of gambling and its results; the true plunger, the growth of the last year or two, has more distinctive characteristics than these.

The motives with which the plunger enters upon his sense of excitement are various. It must not be supposed that his love of sport, or admiration for horseflesh is his highest inducement; indeed, upon some occasions, it seems hardly to have entered into his mind at all. Ostentatious vanity, a fawning adulation of one's superiors in rank, a ridiculous imitation of fashionable vices, each, according to the position of the plunger, will be more probably the exciting cause. Very few of these young men really love sport for its own sake, and would as soon be elsewhere as watching the generous' struggle and fine horsemanship, but for the dazzling state they have on. When betting was more moderate, and it was not a question of "how long payment might be delayed off," or "by what means it could be made," there was more opportunity for looking to the interests of the British Turf, and less temptation to stand in the way of its reputation by that laxity of principle with which heavy gambling is always associated.

Is betting essential to the existence or prosperity of the Turf? This question has been answered in the affirmative; to which, if we assent, it can only be on certain grounds. These are, that the Turf has already fallen into wrong hands; that it is obliged to be regarded as a pettifogging business of pounds, shillings, and pence, instead of being what it once was, the amusement of gentlemen, and the national sport of Englishmen; and that there are not more than two or three gentlemen left who can afford to keep a racehorse to run for the stake. Accepting this humiliating confession, does it follow that "plunging" is an essential to the prosperity of the Turf? That ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and thirty thousand pounds must be risked on one week's racing to improve the breed of horses, or to pay a trainer's bill? The moderate scale of wagering, which is even now introduced by some of the magnates of the Turf, need not be stigmatized as gambling at all. But when whole estates, with their honourable traditions, name, character and prestige are to be risked on the twisting of a plate, the knowledge of a trainer, or the credit of a jockey, we prefer to preserve our English gentleman, even at the loss of our pre-eminence as the first horse-masters in the world.

It is no unedifying conception to embody the spirit of the Turf? This question has been answered in the affirmative; to which, if we assent, it can only be on certain grounds. These are, that the Turf has already fallen into wrong hands; that it is obliged to be regarded as a pettifogging business of pounds, shillings, and pence, instead of being what it once was, the amusement of gentlemen, and the national sport of Englishmen; and that there are not more than two or three gentlemen left who can afford to keep a racehorse to run for the stake. Accepting this humiliating confession, does it follow that "plunging" is an essential to the prosperity of the Turf? That ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, or a hundred and thirty thousand pounds must be risked on one week's racing to improve the breed of horses, or to pay a trainer's bill? The moderate scale of wagering, which is even now introduced by some of the magnates of the Turf, need not be stigmatized as gambling at all. But when whole estates, with their honourable traditions, name, character and prestige are to be risked on the twisting of a plate, the knowledge of a trainer, or the credit of a jockey, we prefer to preserve our English gentleman, even at the loss of our pre-eminence as the first horse-masters in the world.

It has been suggested that, for this vicious introduction into the Turf system, the Jockey Club was a remedy. We ourselves have been assured that before the spring "something will be done" for this fatal gambling. We do not believe it. We believe that the Jockey Club would check it if it could, and would do all in its power to promote a healthy action on the Turf. But the Jockey Club is, in this case, simply impotent. It may issue what commands it pleases; it may advise what measures it has conceived; but it has no more power to check this spirit of excessive gambling than a policeman fast asleep in the Vauxhall station has power to prevent a woman from taking the fatal plunge on Vauxhall bridge. The Jockey Club too late. The evil has gone ahead of it; and the only power it can exercise is one we strongly recommend—that of example. Let it do that. It is one of those institutions whose moral influence can scarcely be estimated on such a subject, and whose legal influence is of the weakest. What is there to prevent two men from betting under the notice of the public? What is the Jockey Club to do when its own members are the offenders? What will it do with a spirit of gambling so reckless that, before booking a bet for a few hundred, the taker of the odds had not even the curiosity to inquire the subject of the transaction? Take an ordinary case, far more conceivable, and let it suggest a remedy:

Smith is a wealthy noble, of no fashion or position, desirous of emulating the Duke of Golconda, a much wealthier noble, himself jealous of the superior claims of the Duke of Potos. Both are the "prince of plungers." If there were no degradation in store for a man, peasant or peer, beyond this, we think it should be sufficient to deter the world from plunging. There is a certain portion of the sporting Press, whose existence was called forth, and is supported by racing alone, that compromises its flattery of great vices by knowing down small offenders.

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We ourselves have been assured that before the spring "something will be done" for this fatal gambling. We do not believe it. We believe that the Jockey Club would check it if it could, and would do all in its power to promote a healthy action on the Turf. But the Jockey Club is, in this case, simply impotent. It may issue what commands it pleases; it may advise what measures it has conceived; but it has no more power to check this spirit of excessive gambling than a policeman fast asleep in the Vauxhall station has power to prevent a woman from taking the fatal plunge on Vauxhall bridge.

The Jockey Club determine that five hundred shall be the maximum for which matches shall be run on Newmarket Heath, or wherever they have rule or authority.

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Our own advice to the Jockey Club may appear singular, but it must be remembered that that body can only meet the evil, not destroy it, by legislation. Let it encourage the heavy stakes, as owners will gamble, and allow matches to be made for any sum that the most invertebrate plunger may desire, fully persuaded that if they do it, no jockey club alive can prevent it. It will, at least, have this advantage—that the money will change from the hands of one gentleman to another, that the race will be fair, and that there will be no necessity for the backer to accept seven thousand to ten from professional layers, and which probably will be the case in the event of his having to look for his money in the ring.

This is not an essay on the Turf, but only on one particular phase of it. The propositions most evident are, that heavy gambling is on the increase, and highly detrimental, not only to the interests of sport, not only to individuals, but to the people, especially to the peers, and the estimation it ought to be held in by the middle classes; that the example is most pernicious in its effects upon all society, and worse than the ready-money gambling to which legislation has sought to put a stop; that it is not like the duel, where legal remedies stepped in to aid moral influence; and that on that account it behoves the Jockey Club, as a body, to exert its influence to destroy the present combination of the professional element against the gentleman; that the term "breaking the ring" is the definition of an absurdity further from achievement than ever; and that of "degrading the gentleman," the description of a process on the high road to accomplishment; that example is better than precept; and that if a very small portion of the Press is instrumental in bolstering up vicious excitement by flattery, it behoves the world to expose in its true colours the folly of the "plunger." Let us hope for something from the dearly-bought experience of last year.

Rydal
Bewdley
Patesh
Ashfield
Burwood
Blandford
Fareham
Arundel
Dewsbury
Blacklow
River
Widnes
Widnes
Birkenhead
Sutton
Bawley
Mittagrove
Fiction
Memor
Clyde
Liverpool
Fareham
Hibdon
Wimborne
Ashfield
Burwood
Blandford
Bromley
Sydney
Newtown
Fareham
Arundel
Dewsbury
Blacklow
River
Widnes
Widnes
Birkenhead
Sutton
Bawley
Mittagrove
Fiction
Memor
Clyde
Liverpool
Fareham
Hibdon

FUNERAL.—The Friends of Mrs. ANNE WELLS, of the Weyward Hotel, are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of her departed Grandson, **GEORGE SYDNEY**, to move from his father's residence, Lord Miller's Point, **THIS (Friday) AFTERNOON**, at a quarter to 3 o'clock. **THOMAS HILL**, Undertaker.

FUNERAL.—The Friends of Mr. **WILLIAM WELLS** are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of his deceased beloved Son, **GEORGE SYDNEY**; to move from his residence, the Lord Miller's Hotel, Miller's Point, **THIS (Friday) AFTERNOON**, a quarter before 3 o'clock precisely. **THOMAS HILL**, Undertaker, 103, Burdakin-square, William-street, and Hill's Factory, Riley-street.

FUNERAL.—The Friends of the Rev. **STEPHEN RABONE** are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of his deceased beloved Wife, **ELIZA**; to move from his residence, Bourke-street, **SURRY HILLS**, **THIS (Friday) AFTERNOON**, at half-past 2 o'clock precisely. No circulars will be issued. **THOMAS HILL**, Undertaker, 103, Burdakin-square, William-street, and Hill's Factory, Riley-street.

FUNERAL.—The Friends of the late Mrs. **MARION McFARLANE** are respectfully invited to attend her funeral; to move from her late residence (J. H. Goodell's), Pitt-street, **TO-MORROW** (**Saturday** morning), at a quarter to 10 o'clock. No circulars will be issued. **THOMAS HILL**, Undertaker, 103, Burdakin-square, William-street, and Hill's Factory, Riley-street.

FUNERAL.—The Friends of Mr. **WILLIAM LAING** are invited to attend the funeral of his late beloved Son, **ROBERT**; to move from his residence, corner of North and Pitt-streets, **(Friday) AFTERNOON**, at 4 o'clock. **J. H. GOODELL**, Undertaker, 103, Burdakin-square, William-street, and Hill's Factory, Riley-street.

FUNERAL.—The Friends of the deceased Mr. **EDWARD TIERNAN**, late member of the Sydney Police Force, are invited to attend his funeral; to move from the London Tavern, **Meng-street West**, **THIS (Friday) AFTERNOON**, at half-past 2 o'clock, and proceed to **Pertham Cemetery**. **R. THOMAS**, Undertaker, 141, York-street.

GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS.
GREAT WESTERN LINE.

On and after the 18th instant, Merchandise Traffic, as classified in Rates, will be conveyed to and from Mount Victoria Station.

JAMES BYRNES, Commissioner for Railways. Department Public Works, Sydney, May 14, 1868.

Department of Lands, Sydney, 21st April, 1868.

HIS Excellency the Governor, with the advice of the Executive Council, is pleased to notify that the following-revised boundary roads, which have been applied for to be closed and alienated under the 10th section of the Crown Lands' Alienation Act of 1861, will be closed at the expiration of three months after the date of this notice, unless objection be duly lodged, and a grant or grants of 100 acres of the roads so closed will be made in accordance with such objection, and all persons interested are invited to state, within three months from this date, their objections, if any, to such roads being closed, or to such grants being made.

J. BOWIE WILSON.

SCHEDULES OF ROADS applied for to be closed and alienated under the 10th section of the Crown Lands' Alienation Act of 1861, the undermentioned Police District.

METROPOLITAN POLICE DISTRICT.

Application—F. T. Humphrey, Official Assignee.

Locality—County of Cumberland, parish of Alexandria.

Acre—31 perches.

Description—That portion of land, having frontages to the south and west, bounded on the south by the building line of Birrell-street and the southern boundary of B. Levy's 6 acres 2 rods 26 perches grant.

NATIONAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

Chief Office, Adelaide, South Australia.

Capital, £250,000.

Marine risks accepted, hulls, goods, freight, &c.

Claims payable in Colombo, Calcutta, or London.

Local Office, JOHN H. HALL, Esq.

W. H. MACKENZIE, jun., Agent.

96, Pitt-street, Sydney.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited).

Capital, £100,000.

LORIMER, MARWOOD, and ROME, Agents.

UNIVERSAL MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited).

Chief Office, No. 35, Cornhill, London.

Subscribed capital £100,000

Paid up 250,000

W. H. MACKENZIE, jun., Agent.

No. 96, Pitt-street, Sydney.

P. C. U. L. L. E. N.

Agent for THE HUNTER RIVER NEW STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY.

Carriage charged at the lowest current rates; railway charges and road carriage paid if required. Goods received, and promptly forwarded via Newcastle or Morpeth, as may suit the convenience of the shipper. **FREIGHT OBTAINED AT THE LOWEST RATES OFFERED**, if shipped by the H. B. N. S. N. Co.

NO COMMISSION CHARGES.

S. PHILIP'S SCHOOLHOUSE, Church-hill.

Mr. EDWIN H. COLEY'S COMPLIMENTARY ENTERTAINMENT, **THIS (Friday) EVENING**, at 7 p.m.

Miss AITKEN, the celebrated elocutionist, and the following distinguished instrumentalists and favourite Vocalists have kindly offered their valuable services:—

Miss AITKEN, Mr. H. B. N. S. N. Co.

Mr. HOFFMANN, Mr. J. D. D. JACKSON.

PROGRAMME—PART I.

Andante in D, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 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